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THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 27, 1919

THANKSGIVING DAY

The festival of Thanksgiving Day, though an American institution, is a thing that goes deeper than its national significance, and finds its firm root, not merely in the affections and the customs of one people, but in that potent imagination everywhere that speaks the aspirations of mankind, and voices in no vague tones the triumph of common humanity.

—Henry Austin.

What We Escaped

Now, suppose the Mayflower had been one day ahead of her schedule and had landed on Wednesday; or suppose, belabored more fiercely by wave and wind, she had been one day late and had not made port until Friday, what would have become of this sacred Thursday.

We will suppose, also that instead of making a landing on a stern and rock-bound coast on a gloomy day in early winter, the voyage had been undertaken earlier, a southern course had been pursued and a landing effected, say on the Florida coast, how different everything would have been.

Instead of the turkey which was found indigenous to the soil, feeding upon the belated Cape Cod cranberry, the pilgrims would have found the succulent yam garnished with the indigenous and companionable "possum, wherewithal to stuff ourselves on the glorious anniversary of the landing of the Puritans.

What a different destiny would have been ours if any of these mischances we have described had occurred!

There was nowhere else along the Atlantic coast so sound a foundation for a nation as that afforded by Plymouth Rock. The sands of Florida would have been warmer and softer. The problem of living would have been much less complicated and there the enervation of our race would have begun at the very beginning.

Our ancestors would not have had the hardihood to stand against the oppression of a mother country which would have been Spain. They would have lain tamely across the maternal knee and have taken the spanking; they would have recognized in that knee half of the lap of luxury when the mother was in a smiling mood.

We fancy them destroying a cargo of tea. There would have been a little later no embattled farmers to fire the shot heard round the world; the farmers would have been too soft. It takes the dark and the white meat of the turkey and the pungent acidity of the cranberry to make men. The fat and luscious "possum and the pleasant yam are not the proper ingredients.

Nor, under perpetually sunny skies do men grow to full stature and do they attain the right measure of hardihood. It takes the mighty creaking, rocking forest, the howling wind against which one must brace himself, and to repel whose frosty embrace the red, angry blood rushes to the surface. There men are in the nearest approach to bodily and mental perfection.

It may have seemed a cruel fate to the Pilgrim Fathers to be lashed through thousands of miles by October and November gales, to be cast up at last on an inhospitable shore. But these gales were the breath of life blown into a nation to make it virile.

The Puritans were thus made hard in body and soul, and they were sometimes unlovely. But then, of all times ruggedness was needed rather than loveliness.

Boxing

Boxing is on the down grade in Arizona and is still slipping. We went at it too furiously and have overworked it. The boxing law has not operated as a majority of those who acceded to the bill, perhaps a little reluctantly, expected it would. It received the support of many people who are against prize fighting because they were told and believed that it would somehow benefit the returned soldiers. The soldier argument was the only one offered in its behalf.

Boxing had been a part of the army training. It was not only countenanced but enthusiastically encouraged by high officers. Fights were attended by statesmen and even by royalty. Many men who had never seen a prize fight and would have scorned to be seen at one witnessed these bouts with interest and enjoyment. They were clean; the boys who took part in them were clean and, altogether, the sport seemed to be a good and healthful one.

The probability that the sport would deteriorate under civilian auspices was not considered by the various legislatures that passed boxing laws. In Arizona prize fighting had been forbidden early. Twenty five years ago when we still had open gambling, when the saloons were open every day in the year except on election days, and many of them all night; when women sang in the saloons and other women frequented them; when the red light district was a recognized institution, we had stringent laws against prize fighting, and we stood ready at one time to bring the force of the national guard to prevent the threatened meeting in this state of Pittsmons and Peter Maher. That was one kind of wilderness and wilderness for which we would not stand.

There must have been a pretty strong conviction, therefore, in our legislature, that prize fighting was

with everything else had been miraculously subdued and changed by the war. But we have since discovered that few changes affecting human nature were made. Our habits of thought are much the same as they always were, and prize fighting is prize fighting still.

There is now a pretty general demand for the repeal of the boxing law and that will probably be accomplished, at least, at the next regular session of the legislature. In the meantime, we suppose it will be prohibited in most of the larger towns of the state. There was a hope last spring by many who did not believe that the war had wrought any miracles that the promoters of boxing events under the law should somehow be inspired by an apprehension of public opinion and that they would see that the game was kept clean. We cannot say that they have not done so as to the elimination of crookedness, but one result has been the bringing into the state of many persons whom we have been accustomed to regard as undesirable, and boxing has been made a mask for prize fighting.

Whether that was inevitable or not we do not know. Perhaps boxing may be restored but it is doubtful whether many of those who attend these bouts are capable of appreciating good boxing; whether they would attend if the awkward, slugging, unscientific features were cut out.

Felipe Angeles

There are not many such men in Mexico as General Felipe Angeles was. There are not so many of them that Mexico can afford to extinguish any of them by means of a firing squad. Yet, that is what was done with Angeles, undoubtedly the greatest man of the country in his own time. Carranza could well afford to leave such a man alive and the opportunity was given him to execute Angeles with some show of justice. The latter was taken in arms against the only, though only a pretended, constituted authority.

The hope of Mexico rests entirely upon such men as Angeles. If there are any others they are hiding and we doubt very much whether there is in all the country another man in whom are so combined intelligence, learning, training, one who has such an appreciation of the proper relations of civilized countries and one who understands so well how Mexico must be brought out of its deplorable state if it is ever to be redeemed.

It was Angeles that directed the larger operations of Villa when as the first lieutenant of Carranza he was in war against Huerta, and it was Angeles, later who gave strength and dignity to the government of Carranza when there was a slender hope that a permanent government might be established by him. When that seemed no longer possible, Angeles himself aspired to the presidency, we believe, purely as a patriot because he believed that he more than any other man might save Mexico. That was the beginning of his final alienation from Carranza. There was nothing to do but to try to bring the dwindling bands of Villa together into a movement to overthrow the dictator.

Floral Offerings

Our neighbor the Tucson Citizen prints a touching political obituary of the Hon. A. C. Bernard whom it strips of all titular distinction and from whom it subtracts one of his initials and designates him as Al Bernard whose political passing it chronicles. The conduct of the Citizen is like that of many individuals dealing with the physical life and death of neighbors. From no other direction were rocks, "dornicks" and brickbats hurled more numerous and more vigorously at Mr. Bernard than from the Citizen. And now no political friend could lay a greater wealth of flowers upon his political grave than the Citizen has contributed.

The Citizen approaches its eulogy of Mr. Bernard by easy steps. It recounts its long disapproval of him and the fact that he is retiring from public life under fire and in apprehension of defeat. He is even going to leave the state and settle in New Mexico, something that the Citizen regards as a pretext, as a strategic move, a retrograde movement to escape actual and ostentatious overthrow.

Admitting the long political success of Mr. Bernard the Citizen says: "He possesses some primary virtues which we believe were in a large measure a key to his success. In politics Al Bernard never pretended to be something that he was not. His word was always good. He did not bother with details. By the force of his personality he was always a leader in the aldermanic body. And, as for the old Second ward, he was always looking out for its interests. The double cross was unknown to Al Bernard. He fought hard and he fought in the open. He was a worthy antagonist. He seldom lost his temper. He was not thin-skinned. He could take his punishment and come up smiling. He was a good sport in politics. And, above all he stood by his friends."

If there is any other eulogist in Tucson that can beat this we should like to see the coloring and beauty of his bouquet.

WHY ADVERTISE THE CHURCH

By the Rev. Charles Stelzie
Staff Writer on Religious Topics

If the modern preacher were to advertise as did the prophets of old the town would hoot at him and he would probably lose his job.

What would you think if the preacher should bury a garment until it became earth-stained and damp, and should then walk slowly through the streets with it on so as to teach some truth—religious presumably?

This is one illustration of dozens of things which were done by these men of God who lived in olden times in order to impress the people.

Perhaps this was permissible during those days, but there are more effective methods of advertising religion and the church today.

This is not to be a discussion of how the church should advertise, but why.

First, because the people outside the church are ignorant of its work—and usually of the location of individual churches.

Second, because the church hasn't done its full duty to the man outside until it has not only told him where to go to church, but why he should go.

Third, because there is no specific command for the unconverted man to go to church, therefore the church must be "sold" to him, purely upon its merits.

Fourth, because the church has no monopoly of Christianity, it must prove that it is the best and highest expression of Christianity.

Fifth, because the history of the church, upon which it rests most of its claims, is not known, not only to those outside the church, but to those inside the church.

Sixth, because the church needs "new business"—old members die or move away.

Seventh, because of the greatness of its commission. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," beginning at Jerusalem—at home.

Eighth, because the church offers the greatest cure in the world—the cure for sin—while everybody needs.

There are other reasons, but aren't these enough to help the average church get started in the advertising business?

It pays business men and all kinds of propaganda organizations, why shouldn't it pay the church?

CAMEL BACK

A Weekly With a Hump on It. We Cover the Desert.

Price: Tut! Tut!

Ariz., Nov. 30, '19

FORTY-THIRD TRIP

EDITORIAL

C. G. H. Editor

THERE'S A REASON

Happening, as it does, that they fixed this year's Thanksgiving on Camel's Day, we have found it fitting and convenient to change the nature of the Camel's cargo this week.

Our thoughts naturally revert on this day, to the Pilgrims and the early colonial days when this nation was still in its swaddling clothes. It is for this reason that we present for your kind attention this morning extracts from one or two of our early American writers; men who were contemporaries with the Pilgrims; men who lived the life, thought the thoughts, and spoke the tongue of the Pilgrim.

And we leave it to you, gentle reader, to decide whether we have, during the intervening period, gone ahead, or retrogressed.

THE BOOMERANG

(By John Winthrop, 1630.)

A remarkable providence appeared in a case which was tried at the last court of assistants. Divers neighbors of Lynn, by agreement, kept their cattle by turns.

It fell out to the turn of one Gillow to keep them, and, as he was driving them forth, another of these neighbors went along with him, and kept him so earnestly in talk, that his cattle strayed and gate in the corn. Then this neighbor left him and would not help him recover his cattle, but went and told another how he had kept Gillow in talk that he might lose his cattle, etc.

The cattle getting into the Indian corn, sat so much ere they could be gotten out, that two of them fell sick of it, and one of them died presently; and these two cows were that neighbor's who had kept Gillow in talk, etc.

The man brings his action against Gillow for his cow (not knowing that he had witness of his speech, but Gillow producing witnesses, etc., barred him of his action, and had good costs, etc.

Notice—Owing to the H. C. of L. the portions to be served this year will be cut down accordingly. And hearing which, a strike was called at the boarding house.

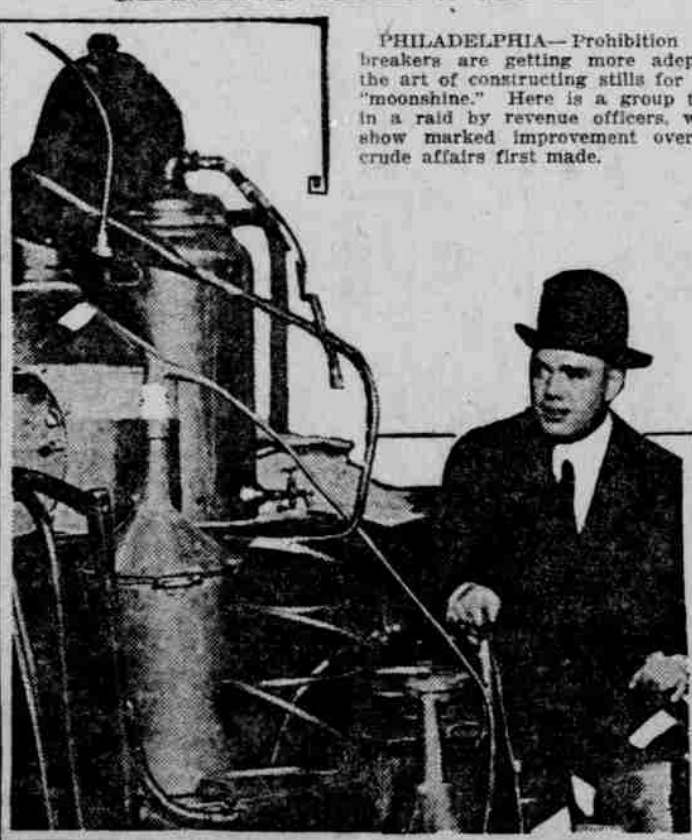
After all is said and done, however, notwithstanding, and all the rest of them, the fact remains that the H. C. of L. won't spoil our capacity to enjoy a wholesome Thanksgiving dinner.

POLAND'S LEADERS



WARSAW—Above is the latest picture of Premier Paderewski of Poland, taken as he left the Polish sejm or parliament. The speaker of the sejm is Adalbert Trampczynski (below).

GETTING ADEPT AT IT



PUBLICITY PLANNED TO SAVE INDUSTRY

Definite plans for a publicity campaign to arouse interest in livestock registration or diversification were made yesterday afternoon at a meeting of the dairy committee of the chamber of commerce. The campaign will take



(As John Winthrop Wrote it in 1630, in his "History of New England.")

Thursday, July 1—The Mayflower and the Whale arrived safe in Charleston harbor. Their passengers were all in health, but most of their cattle dead (whereof a mare and horse of mine). Some stone horses came over in good plight.

Friday, 2—My son, Henry Winthrop, was drowned at Salem.

Thursday, 8—We kept a day of thanksgiving in all the plantations.

Thursday, August 18—Capt. Endicott and — Gibson were married by the governor and Mr. Wilson.

Saturday, 20—The French ship called the Gift came into the harbor at Charleston. She had been twelve weeks at sea, and lost one passenger and twelve goats, she delivered six.

Monday we kept a court.

Friday, 27—We of the congregation, kept a fast, and chose Mr. Wilson our teacher, and Mr. Nowell an elder, and Mr. Gager and Mr. Aspinwall, deacons.

We used imposition of hands but with this protestation by all, that it was only as a sign of election and confirmation, not of intent that Mr. Wilson should renounce his ministry he received in England.

September 20—Mr. Gager died.

September 20—About two in the morning Mr. Isaac Johnson died; his wife, the lady Arbelia, of the house of Lincoln, being dead about one month before. He was a holy man, and wise, and died in sweet peace, leaving some part of his substance to the colony.

The wolves killed six calves at Salem and they killed one wolf.

Thomas Morton, adjudged to be imprisoned, till he were sent into England, and his house burnt down, for his many injuries offered to the Indians, and other misdemeanors, Capt. Brook, master of the Gift, refused to carry him.

Finch of Watertown had his wig burnt and all his goods.

Billingdon executed at Plymouth for murdering one.

Mr. Phillips, the minister of Watertown, and others had their hay burnt.

A cow died at Plymouth and a goat



AGAIN

The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast.

This time, however, they are waves of radicalism, unrest, rising prices, etc. But be of good cheer, neighbors; it is a stern and rock-bound coast. And the beauty of it is that many of the trouble makers are having it beat into their dense kokos just exactly how hard and ungentle are our S. and R. B. coasts.

If the Pilgrim fathers thought they had something of a job on their hands fighting off famine and the Indians, they ought to come back and join us in our efforts to fight off Old Man H. C. of L.

ALAS, POOR COLUMBUS!

Who were the Pilgrims, you ask? Well, if you lapped the ad of a local grocer, in The Republican, you would have learned that Pilgrims were the birds who discovered America, long ago. And so it is, my children, that we celebrate Thanksgiving.

SUGGESTED WISHES FOR THE DAY

That the sun shine again.

That the League and Treaty either be adopted or rejected by congress once and for all, evermore, Amen.

That somebody donate the use of

at Boston, with eating Indian corn.

25—Mr. Colburn (who was chosen deacon by the congregation a week before) was invested by imposition of the hands of the minister and elder.

The governor, upon consideration of the inconvenience which grew in England by drinking one to another, restrained it at his own table, and wished others to do the like, so as it grew, by little and little, into disuse.

26—The rivers were frozen up and the city of Charleston could not come to the seamen at Boston till the afternoon at high water.

Many of our cows and goats were forced to be still abroad for want of houses.

In this day of prices, the wise housewife will lock the turkey's carcass in a safety deposit box, and take it out every week or so to give flavor to the soup or hash.

Thanksgiving at Churches

UNION THANKSGIVING SERVICE

The Union Thanksgiving service will be held in the Central Christian church, corner of Central avenue and McKinley street, Thursday morning, at 10:30. Following is the program that will be given:

Organ prelude.
Song—"America."
Invocation—Rev. C. M. Aker.
Song—"Onward Christian Soldiers."
Prayer—Rev. George M. Leigh.
Anthem—"O, Lord, How Manifold Are Thy Works" (Boruly).
Reading of the Proclamation—Bishop Atwood.

Duet.
Reading of the Scripture—Rev. T. E. Yoakum.
Offering.
Solo.

Sermon—"One God, One Country, One Flag, and No Hypocritical Americans," by Rev. H. W. Peck of the First M. E. church.
Benediction—Dean Scarlett.
Organ postlude.

The entire membership of all the churches of the city is urged to be present at this service. As a people we have much to be thankful for, and as a nation we need to praise our God. Let the entire citizenship of the city remember that we all owe much to God for his protecting care and many blessings.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Phoenix, Arizona, will hold Thanksgiving services at the Arizona School of Music, Thursday morning at 10:30 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend.

LUTHERAN

Thanksgiving services will be held Thursday morning at 11 o'clock in the Zion Evangelical Lutheran church, which is located on Ninth avenue between Adams street and Woodland avenue. All are cordially invited.

COSTLY LITIGATION CERTAIN IF BRANDS ARE NOT RECORDED

Costly litigation over cattle brands is a certainty in the near future for all cattlemen here who do not register their brands before December 12, according to Secretary Ed. W. Stephens of the state livestock sanitary board. Individual notices are not being sent, he says, partly because many of the 20,000 registrants are dead or have been out of the cattle business for years.

The re-registration of brands, according to Secretary Stephens, is the first that has been made since the livestock sanitary board was organized more than 25 years ago. The cost of re-registering is \$5, and application for the required blanks must be made to Stephens' office.

After December 12, the secretary says, any brand not re-registered, will be recorded in the name of anyone applying for it. Cattlemen could, if they so desired, locate herds branded prior to December 12 and have the brands registered for themselves. Plans the courts would sustain the proper owner, Stephens says, but it is probable also that a lot of costly trouble and even personal unpleasantness would ensue.

In all cases involving transfers of cattle, made in good faith and reported direct to Stephens, where in the time element includes the re-registering date, the livestock board will protect the transfer.

a lonely island in the middle of No-where, and the pros and ants on the Irish question be transported there to fight it out to a finish.

That somebody, somehow, start in pretty pronto putting down some good roads in Maricopa county.

That the news carrier deliver our papers within a block, at least, of our door, and not in the mud.

That they either do something to the profiteer or shut up about him.

That our town some day become the kind of a town we like to kid ourselves into believing it is.

Just when we had decided to abandon the search for the old time clothier who gave an extra pair of pants with each suit, and who, "round Thanksgiving gave a turkey with each suit or overcoat, our eye fell on the following from the ad of a Chicago clothier: "Free Get Your Thanksgiving Turkey Free Starting tomorrow and continuing every day until Thanksgiving day, this store will give absolutely free a big live turkey, weighing at least 16 pounds or more, to every customer purchasing a suit and overcoat—or two suits or two overcoats."

"Yes, they've raised the ante. But they give the extra pair of pants. Don't you wish now, that you had invited some one away from home to dine with you."

Maybe it's not too late.

Angels Dies Before Rifle Squad.—News headline.

Now, if he's related in any way to Villa, he'll turn up at the head of a band before long.

WE ARE PROGRESSING

Member the time honored picture of the Pilgrim father with his blunderbuss over his shoulder, escorting Ma and all the little Pilgrims across the snow to church on Thanksgiving morn'g? They give thanks that they have been spared from the Indians.

And how it is today?

Father dons, among other things, his stovepipe kelly and cane and escorts Ma to church the festive morn, to hear a sermon on the Irish question or the League of Nations. In the meanwhile the budding progeny are at home sleeping off the fatigue from a Thanksgiving eve dance.

It may be that the old blunderbuss was a more convincing come-along than is the modern one.

Did they ever come out in the open and say what the price of turkeys would be to the consumer?

J. O. SEXSON

General Secretary of the Phoenix Young Men's Christian Association.

J. O. Sexson has been battling against great odds as secretary of the Phoenix Y. M. C. A.

The fact that he has been able to keep the association on its feet, although it is overwhelmed with debt, is a testimonial of his ability. A less devoted worker possibly would have yielded to discouragement as to what seemed to be lack of co-operation on the part of the public. With Mr. Sexson as secretary and the Y. M. C. A. placed on a firmer foundation financially by the coming campaign, a brighter future can be expected.

MEET IN MARK TWAIN'S CAVE

(St. Louis Republic)

HANNIBAL, Mo.—Mark Twain's cave, south of Hannibal, will be used for a decided new purpose December 4, when the grand lodge officers of the Knights of Pythias of Missouri will adopt a class of fifty candidates in what is known as the "parlors" of the mammoth cavern named after the great humorist, who lived his boyhood days in Hannibal.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

Copyright, 1919, by William B. Eerdmans

The young lady across the way says Venus used to be a very common girl's name in ancient Rome, but the only one we hear very much about now was Miss de Mille.